

THE LADY EVELYN

A Story of Today
BY MAX PEMBERTON

"You forget yourself, Dulcie," she protested again and again, "after it being in the papers too—you certainly forget yourself. How can you say such things—to her ladyship as we all know after what's in the papers. I'm sure, miss, your ladyship won't think any the worse of Dulcie for this. It's her bringing up, that's what it is."

Evelyn was very much amused; but she hastened to reassure them, and, insisting upon their relating all their personal troubles (which they did with many exclamations and minute particulars), she ventured to ask them what the papers really had said and why it should make a difference to them. To this they answered in a breath that the Carlton would reopen in a fortnight with "Haddon Hall" and Miss Etta Romney in the title-role.

"And it says you're a Duchess, and Mr. Isard wouldn't say so before though he knew it all the time," Dulcie added with considerable enthusiasm. "Oh, Etta, how you kept it from us all, just as though you had been no different to anybody else. But I knew you were; I said you were no ordinary human being, and Lucy knew it. My life's never been the same since you went away, Etta. You won't leave us again, will you?"

They rambled on alternately in confusion and delight while Evelyn sent for the morning papers and read the news they spoke of. There, sure enough, was the story written for all to read.

"Many will hear with pleasure," said the "Daily Shuffler," "that one of the most capable and finished of our younger actresses is about to return to the stage. Some months ago, all dramatic London was not ashamed to be curious concerning the Romney Mystery. A new play presented to us an artist of no common order. Scarcely had we settled down to admire her when she disappeared from our ken, and, while we do not doubt that certain of her friends were in the secret, this was well kept and remained undiscovered by the public. Now we know that Etta Romney is the nom de theatre of Lord Melbourne's daughter, the Lady Evelyn. Mr. Charles Isard informs us that he is about to present her in the role already familiar to us and sure of a wide welcome. Etta Romney, assuredly, will establish the success of the Carlton Theatre as no other actress of our time could do. We offer our cordial greetings upon her return to the stage, and congratulate all concerned upon the clever advertisement achieved."

Evelyn cringed when she read the last words; but her sense of humor proved greater than her annoyance.

"Did you believe, does anyone really believe, that I went away to advertise myself?" she asked the girls.

They answered in a breath that all the world believed it.

"Why, what else should it have been for? They say you and Mr. Isard did it, just as he lost Elsie Barton's jewels last year and had Billie Dan photographed in a motor-car accident. People love anything like that—they think it's so clever. There'll be such a scene when we open, Etta, as never was known. Shall I call you Etta, though, or should it be your ladyship?"

Etta was about to answer her as well as her amusement would let her when a man-servant opened the door and announced a visitor.

"Mr. Charles Isard," he said, and the girls stood up abashed.

"Mr. Isard here, however shall I look him in the face?" cried Lucy in an extremity of terror.

"I could drop through the ceiling for my nerves," said Dulcie, but she did nothing of the sort; merely standing and giggling nervously while the great man came panting in; and he, who had "presented" so many, now presented himself with the air of a Rajah just dismounted from an elephant, or a monarch about to address an assembly of barons.

"My dear," he said to Evelyn, "I've come to pay my respects to you, and that's what I do to few of 'em. You've got London by the throat and we'll both be rich before you let go. Didn't I say you'd come back to me? Why, when I think how we've fooled the populace, I could shout 'bully' until my tongue's tied. Now, let these girls go their way and we'll talk business. I've come to offer you a five years' engagement certain, and there's no one in London is going to better my terms. Three words and we settle it. Let 'em be spoken and we're friends for life."

"Mr. Isard," said Etta quickly, "I will play at your theatre for three months. Then I am going away. If I return, I will come to you again. But I may never return, and so I cannot engage myself to do so. Should my present determination be altered?"

Isard laughed hardily and almost impatiently.

"At coming or going, my dear, you have no equal in Europe," he admitted gloomily, and then quickly, fearing to offend her, he added, "Well, have your own way. Take a fortune or leave one. Charles Isard will always be your friend."

It was a great admission, honestly meant, though uttered with the regret of one who saw a golden vision falling from his view. To himself, the great man said: "There is a man and he is not in England. The Lord send

him a handsome funeral before the mischief is done."

CHAPTER XXIX. The Prisoners at Setchevo.

Gavin heard the tap of the blind man's stick as the old Chevalier felt his way from the bare vaulted room in which a scanty supper had been served to them; and a fit of despondency coming upon him, more bitter than ordinary, he buried his face in his hands and uttered his heart-stricken complaint aloud.

"What are they all doing, then—why has Chesny broken his promise. Good God, Arthur, have we no friends at all? Is there no one who has interested himself in our story? I can't believe it. It isn't the English way. They must find out sooner or later. It can't be for all time."

Arthur, whose arm and shoulder were bound up in a garment that might have been a Moorish burnouse, smoked his pipe quietly and did not for a little while know what to say. Bitterly as he had paid for that which he called a "little trot to the Balkans," the English spirit forbade the utterance of any reproach, or even a word that his friend might take amiss.

"My people never trouble about me," he said. "They know me too well. You see, I've only a couple of uncles and a maiden aunt to go into hysterics; and my lawyers won't advertise while they can bank my dividends. It's different with you, Gavin. I'll bet your people were on the scent long ago; and that's to say nothing about Evelyn. Of course, she has not held her tongue. No woman does when she's in love with a man; and sometimes she can be eloquent when she is not. Oh, yes, I'll go nap on Evelyn all the time. She must know that we shouldn't stay in this cursed country for three months if we had the train fare to get out. Of course, she'll cry out about it—and if she cries loudly enough the Government will act. Not that I believe much in Governments—they generally weigh in when the corpse is buried."

Gavin smiled but did not raise his head. A fire of logs burned in the grate before them and filled the room with a haze of heavy smoke; the tapping of a man's stick had ceased, and the house was without sounds and void. In the hills above them a wild wind scoured the clefts and sent whirling clouds of snow to cover all living things below. The torrent beneath the drawbridge had become a monstrous scale of icy steps, a ladder with glistening rungs which none but the eagle dared.

"Three months—is it really three months?" Gavin exclaimed in a tone of unspoken weariness; "three months in this awful den. Three months listening to that blind devil and his insults. God, I would never have believed that a man could go through so much and live. And you, Arthur—not a word from you since the beginning. That's what hits me. If you'll only speak out and tell me what I ought to hear, it would be easier."

Arthur laughed and stooped to light his pipe by the fire again.

"What's the good of talking. A pal asks you to come and you go. Is it his fault if a wheel comes off the coach? Let me have five minutes alone with that blind scoundrel and I'll be eloquent enough. Otherwise I intend to make myself as comfortable as I can under the circumstances. There's no fun in boxing scimitars—as we both of us have discovered."

They had discovered it, indeed. From the first day of their captivity in the mountains, insult, foul, oft-repeated, revolting insult had been their daily punishment. Coarse food, filthy rooms, these they could have suffered; but the blind man's tongue, the lash of the whip his servants wielded, might have driven braver men to that last resource which faith in God alone can question or deny. The very wound which Arthur Kenyon made light of had been the first fruits of their English temper. A gypsy had lashed him across the shoulder with a riding whip and he had answered with an English left, straight and unerring. But the blow had scarcely been struck before a wild horde filled the room, its knives unsheathed, murder in its eyes—and from murder the terrible voice of the blind man alone withheld it. So the two comrades spoke of fighting scimitars, that was no jest at all.

"You are a friend in a thousand," Gavin exclaimed as one who spoke from his very heart. "I'm not going to thank you, Arthur. What is the good of words between you and me? Here we are, worse than dead, by God, and not a ray of light, not a speck anywhere. How will it end? How can it end? You heard him tell me this morning that Evelyn will marry his rascally son in ten days' time. Well, to-night I'm just in that humor which says, it may be true, he may have tired her out, led to her, promised her God knows what, my liberty perhaps and her father's happiness afterwards. It might be that, Arthur. I try to put it fairly, and yet I must say that it might be so."

"There are a hundred things that might be so, old man. This house might fall down the hill and the eagles carry you and me to the tree-

tops. We might have pate de foie gras for supper and eighty-four champagne to wash it down with. There's no greater rot than the might-be-so. Tell me how to get out of this cursed den and I'll listen with both ears. As for Lady Evelyn—she's too much a woman to do any of the things you talk about. For all you know some sham tale has been told her—telegrams sent in our name, or something to lull her suspicions. When a man is travelling a thousand miles from home, people don't get alarmed about him for a month or two. But this I'll stake my existence upon, that once Evelyn guesses it's not all right with us, she'll move heaven and earth to know the reason why. That's what keeps me sane. I should kill this old man and myself afterwards if it were not that I believe in my friends. Doing so, I just sit down and wait like the Spaniards for to-morrow."

Gavin heard him in silence. his great room had become their prison-house; refractory by day and dormitory by night. For an hour each morning, they were permitted to go out into the court, where a vista of the sky spoke to them of liberty and the massive portcullis of the drawbridge mocked the idle word. "Until the Englishwoman is my son's wife," had been the sentence pronounced by the old Chevalier; and he repeated it day by day, tapping his way to their great bare cell, striking at them with his stick, cursing them—a very fiend incarnate, mad with the lust of money and the desire of revenge. And against such an enemy they were doubly powerless—not only by reason of his blindness, but by the knowledge that unseen eyes followed him to their room and that his allies, the gypsies, hidden in the house of Setchevo, were ready to do his bidding did he but raise his voice to call them.

Brave men, who do not know fear in a common way, may bend and break before such torture as this—the torture of impotence and of unseen presences about them. Gavin had come to declare that he would sooner a man had burned his hand in a flame than compelled him to listen each day at dawn for the tapping of that stick upon the floor and the coming of that terrible sightless figure. Even in his sleep the old Chevalier would visit him, approaching with his claw-like hands extended and his eyes seeming to shine as live coals in the darkness. Never had he imagined that so much malignity, cunning, and vermin could be the fruits of imagined wrong, or be united in one personality. And all his fine notions of retribution and reconciliation, of the old man's visit to England and the Earl's reception of him there—how vain-glorious they had been and how childish, he said. Justly had such folly been overtaken and punished. He realized that his knowledge of human nature was pitifully small.

"Evelyn will help us if she can," he said at length, poking the fire restlessly and listening as of habit for the dreaded beat of the blind man's stick upon the stone floor without: "she will help us if she can, but what can a woman do? Let's regard that view of it as out of the question. What I would ask—what you have been asking—is just this—why does Chesny do nothing? He must know that if all had been well, we should have written and let him hear it. His Government could have these rats out in five minutes. Why does he do nothing? He's an old Winchester boy and could see us through if he knew. I can't think that such a man as Chesny would sit on his back and just ask what's happened. He's moving somewhere—pity it isn't on the road to Setchevo."

TO BE CONTINUED

Delco-Light Celebrates

Toledo District Again Wins Distributors' Cup for Highest Honors in U. S. and Canada.

About 100 members of the selling and office force of District 17, the Toledo Delco-Light district, were entertained the other evening by E. H. Walker, Distributor, at the Waldorf Hotel at Toledo. An elaborate banquet was served, after which a social good time was enjoyed for the balance of the evening.

The particular occasion for this banquet was the celebration of the winning of the Distributors' Cup for 1919. The Toledo aggregation also won the cup in 1918. They have just been notified by wire that they also carried off highest honors for 1919. This is an unusual achievement for any sales organization, and naturally the Toledo boys are proud of the record. Toledo is rightfully proud to have an aggregation of this kind in its midst.

What makes this achievement more noteworthy than ever is the fact that ever since the organization of the Delco-Light Company, all prizes for high honors for the year's work have been won by the Toledo organization. "While we are proud of the achievement," said E. H. Walker, Distributor, "we do not intend to carry any excess baggage in the form of conceit."

"We realize that the only way to deserve the good will of our customers is to continue to give them just what was promised them and the best of service that is in our power. That's the foundation on which our business has been built, and we do not intend to change our policy."

ORGANIZING THE NEW VOTERS

A great convention of women is to be held at Chicago next month to organize a National League of Women Voters. The delegates claim to represent 2,600,000 women.

Theatrical News

E. H. SOTHERN AND JULIA MARLOWE.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, the distinguished co-stars, who returned to the American stage this season after an absence of several years, are to appear at the Saxon Auditorium Theatre, Toledo, Ohio, three days commencing Thursday night, February 12, with a matinee on Saturday. Mr. Herman Saxon was able to persuade these players to include Toledo in their tour by offering them unprecedented inducements. They are not appearing anywhere except in the one and two week stands this season.

"Twelfth Night" will be presented on Thursday night and at the Saturday matinee. "Hamlet" will be seen on Friday night and "The Taming of the Shrew" on Saturday night. Mail orders will now be received if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope and the proper remittance including war tax.

An interesting feature of the Sothern and Marlowe plays this year is the new manner in which they are staged, the old realistic scenery being abandoned in favor of the new art of stage decoration on impressionistic lines. A company of forty players is seen in the support of the co-stars, including Frederick Lewis, Rowland Buckstone, Alma Kruger, Lenore Chippendale, Henry Stanford, J. Sayre Crawley, Vernon Kelo, Colville Dunn, Frank Peters, V. L. Granville, Malcolm Bradley, Clifford Walker, Leon Cunningham, William Adams, Ursula Faucit and others.

Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe are establishing new records for Shakespeare. In New York they played to \$100,000 in four weeks. Their past week in Kansas City reached \$30,000 in eight performances, a figure which stands alone in the records of dramatic plays in this country.

JULIA SANDERSON AND JOSEPH CAWTHORN IN "THE CANARY"

"The Canary," the musical comedy which achieved in New York a popularity that has not been equalled by that of any other attraction of its kind in a decade, will come to the Saxon Auditorium, Toledo, Ohio, Feb. 8, 9 and 10.

The piece will be presented here identically as it was shown night after night during its run of six months in New York at the Globe Theatre. The original company—an organization which one New York newspaper characterizes as having "more stars than the Milky Way," numbers more than half-a-hundred persons and is led by Julia Sanderson, Maudie Eburne and several others whose names are almost equally illustrious.

"The Canary" is a Charles Dillingham production. Its music and lyrics are the work of Ivan Caryll and Irving Berlin, unquestionably the most successful song writers of the day. The book is from the French of Georges Barr and Louis Verneuil.

Julia Sanderson and Joseph Cawthorn and the other luminaries of the cast appear as characters in the story, but the bonds of characterization are not permitted to be too confining that the unique and special talents of these stage notables are not given plenty of opportunity for exercise. "The Canary" is first of all a novelty, by reason of its music, the personnel, of its cast, the speed which characterizes its presentation and the manner of the mounting. It is an entertainment of such emphatic modernity that it might with justice be classified as "ahead-of-the-minute." Its attractiveness is founded on its grace, its beauty, and its humor.

"The Latest Song Hit"

The newest dance craze hit has struck Toledo. It's Dardanella, a very fox-trot. Over at the Secor the dancers can't seem to get quite enough of its joyous melody, and "Dardanella" seems to be the demand at every dancing hall. The first of "Dardanella" on the phonograph was received this week by the Toledo Pathe Shoppe, on Jefferson next to Milner's. As played by the Samuels Orchestra the record is a winner.

During Auto Show Week the Pathe Shoppe are urging all Northwestern Ohio folks to include their novel place of business in their trip. "Dardanella" is played for the asking, also other new hits. "You'd be Surprised," as sung by Jack Norworth and featured in Ziegfeld's Follies; "On the Trail of the Santa Fe," a swiny melody; "The American Quartette's rendition of "Floatin' Down to Cotton Town," a beautiful medley fox-trot; "Nobody Knows and Nobody Seems to Care," and other inimitable recordings.

Records are hear to excellent advantage in the new Pathe Shoppe. Individual rooms, cozily furnished, simulate the effect of hearing them in your own home. The new Pathe models are the latest in voice reproduction.

ALLIES SUDDENLY LIFT BLOCKADE.

Open the Ports of Russia to Certain Articles but Do Not Recognize Soviet Government.

To the great surprise of almost the whole world, the Supreme Council at Paris resolved to lift the blockade of Russia, so far as necessary to admit medicines, agricultural machinery and certain other articles into that country. For these things Russia is to pay by an exchange of flax and other goods of which she has a surplus.

It is explained that this does not mean any recognition of Bolshevik rule. The transactions will be those of private business, with "the Russian people."



A Fool and His Money Soon Part!

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Estab. 1874 TOLEDO, O.

Toledo Y. W. C. A. Begins New Term

The Toledo Y. W. C. A. will begin a new term of classes in gymnasium and swimming on February 2nd. Registration for these classes is now open.

The swimming pool has been closed for repairs, and improvements have been added which will raise the standard of sanitation.

Besides the swimming and gymnasium classes, residents of towns near Toledo are cordially urged to make use of the other facilities of the Y. W. C. A. building at 11th and Jefferson, whenever they visit the city; the library and reading room, rest rooms and cafeteria.

Expert in Tires

D. L. Wolfe, one of Toledo's best known tire men, is the manager of the Akron Tire Co., Michigan street, which is attracting the attention of many motorists. This store specializes in blemished tires and has an unusual assortment, 313 fabrics and 14 cord varieties being sold in all sizes. They are bought through the factory clearing house and are identical to the new makes with the exception of slight blemishes, which does not impair the wearing qualities.

Mr. Wolfe was for the past several years floor manager of the Camel Tire Company. He learned a great deal about the rubber business, and his knowledge of the goods should be of value to discriminating purchasers.

The Akron Tire Co. is probably the only company in Northwestern Ohio that makes a specialty of Truck tires. They are carried in assortment at this store and include the 6, 7, 8, 9, 10-inch truck tires. The regular agency of Auburn extra ply fabric and cord tires is also a feature of the business of this firm.

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30x3 . . \$5.58 32x3 1/2 . . \$ 7.59
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